"In all my time on the police force, and in-eidentally the nine months I spent off of it," began Price with a grin, "I never met or knew a more interesting policeman than 'Ginger Reilly. He was in the Tenderioin when Williams was there. Reilly has a good old Iriah Christian name, but the boys dubbed him Ginger,' and the name has stuck to him since." "He must have been hot stuff!" some one

ejaculated.
"He was hot stuff," continued the narrator "An Irishman by birth, he was as profane and as religious a man as I knew in the business. Reilly's profanity was a source of wonder to the men in his platoon. The boys would

tease him just to hear him swear. He didn't mean to be profane, but it seemed to come natural to him and he couldn't stop it. That's the reason he was dubbed 'Ginger.' If any one had a practical joke to spring. Reilly was the man who had to stand the brunt of it. And there were a good many practical jokers quartered in the Thirtieth street station house when

Reilly was there.
"For a post Beilly had Madison avenue from Twenty-third to Twenty-seventh street. The first year Barnum showed in Madison Square en the show hadn't been gunning a week when a rumor was affoat that an immense gnaconda had escaped from the circus. It was ed in the brain of the circus press agent Anyway, it was seized by a couple of Reilly's en as a tip for a good practical joke on the Irishman. I was a roundsman en, and it was my duty to see that Beilly atuck to his post. The proposed joke was unfolded to me, and I agreed to help play it. One of the jokers bought a dozen or more yards of a dark-colored material, and had it sewed in circular joints on the stovepipe plan. When the cloth joints were put together they measured about fifteen feet. One end tapered and on the other was fastened an immense snake's head, which was procured from mer. This makeshift snake was kept hidden for a couple of nights in a Fourth avenue grocery store near Madison

Square Garden. The grocer was well supplied with chaff and sawdust, of which he agreed to let us have all we wanted. With the chaff and sawdust we were going to stuff our cloth-made sawdust we were going to stuff our cloth-made anaconds.

"Reilly was to be the victim, and we left no stone unturned to give him a good scare. A couple of nights before the trick was sprung, the jokers talked in awed tones about the anaconda that escaped from the circus. Reilly was always an interested listener and the boys got him worked up in great shape. He was especially interested, as kindison Equare Garden, from where the anaconda was alleged to have escaped, was on his post. The night the joke was to be played Reilly ddn't go on post until 12 o'clock. When the midnight platoon turned out the Sergeant on duty read the following general alarm at my request:

the midnight platoon turned out the Sergeant on duty read the following general alarm at my request:

"Escaped from Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, now being held in Madison Square Garden, a copper-colored anaconda. fifteen feet long and as thick as a man's ieg. The anaconda is a man strangier and very dangerous. If seen in the street notify the circus at once."

"The men went to their posts. Reilly relieved his side partner, and was doing, as usual, a good straight tour. The cloth-made anaconda was in the Fourth arenue grocery rapidly being filled with chaff and sawdust. When the job was finished it was quite a respectable serpent for one of its kind. The paper-made laws were far apart, showing a glowing red within. At 2 A. M. Reilly was sighted on the west side of Madison avenues at Twenty-lirid street. The sanke was carried into Twenty-sixth street and placed in the gutter near the north-east corner. A stout piece of twine was attached to the body near the head. The twine reached from the improvised snake half way across Madison Square Park, where that end of it was manipulated by myself standing behind an immense tree. I was to turnish the snake's motive power when Belliy hove in sight. I saw him coming up the avenue leisurely swinging his club. Unaware of danger or of practical okers, he approached the southwest corner of Twenty-sixth street. The serpent was already moving at a good pace. Reilly had stepped into the roadway when he heard the rushing. Then he saw the open-lawed reptile making directly for him, He turned pale and yelled:

"Holy mother, preserve me! There's that

moving at a good pace. Relly had stepped into the roadway when he heard the rushing. Then he saw the open-lawed reptile making directly for him. He turned pale and yelled:

"Holy mother, proserve me! There's that "He turned with a whoop and a string of profanity and started like a lightning bolt down the avenue. I cut across the park to Broadway and ran to Twenty-third street. I started east on a walk. Bunning like wild toward me was Reilly. He was really scared.

"Rounds!" he yelled, 'I saw it! I saw it! An if! I didn't run the —— sarpint would have made me poor childer orphuns.

"Tou've been driaking, Reilly, and I'm afraid I'll have to report you for being off post?" "The man that says I'm drunk is a liar, and I can whip him, yelled Reilly. I saw that damn snake, or whatever you call 'im. I tell you be made for me, and whin I ran he crawled into Madison Bquare Park. Och thin poor bums that's asleep on thim benches! Sure it's the corpses they'l be when that inddybuck sets through wid them.

"The upshot of it was I went back with Reilly, but I knew we would find everything peaceful. There wasn't any sign of a snake. To Reilly's great chagrin the sleepers on the park benches when awakened avowed they had seen no snake, and laughed at Reilly when he solemnly said he had been pursued by one. I left Heilly on the post and advised him not to make any report of the mysterious snake at the station house. When he reached the house, however, every one had heard of the snake. He was roasted unmercifully by the other coppers, who accoused him of being drunk and 'hitting the pipe, Several months later when he learned he was the victim of a practical joke he was furious. Ha swore he would whip the men who hoaxed him if he knew who they were, but he move the land the station house he was in a bad way from the cold. He was placed under the section room stove and every effort made to thaw min out. After a time he began to show signs of life, He was carried up to Reilly's oot and placed therein between the blankets. Heilly beg

"Sergeant, he roared, some rowdy put an alligator in me bed and I want you to see it for yourself."

"Up the Bergeant went to Reilip's sleeping quarters, but there wasn't any sign of the rentile. While Reilip was making his complaint the dead 'gator was thrown out a rear window. It was found in the yard the next morning.

"When Kellip was praying he was subjected to all sorts of indignities by his roommates. As he would be about finishing, rubber books, shoes, helmete and hight sticks would shower about his head. Then he would swear regardless of the fact that a minute before he had been praying. He would start for the first man he saw throw anything at him and there would be a rough and tumble fight. Reilip could fight, too, and the man he tackled never got away without a couple of hard bangs. But that didn't deter the boys from placing stove coal, sait, pins and every conceivable things in his bed when they wanted to have fun.

"As you would expect, Reilip was an Irishman from the ground up. Anything tending to better the condition of Ireland met his hearty support. Everything printed in the papers about the home rule movement at that time was read over and over again by Reilip. One day he came in the house from post and picked up n paper from the section room. In big letters at the head of a column was the caution Home Rule for Ireland. The rest of the boys were engaged in watching the dying moments of Nigner Jim. a faithful dog that had been attached to the station house for yaars, and who was poisoned by some misersant carrier in the day. Helly roads few lines of the home rule article and then threw the paper on the floor. Yelling londly:

"Hurrah for Ireland: We'll get Home Bule for Ireland is the home of the rule article and then threw the paper is the than a the last last." g loudly: lurrah for Ireland ! We'll get Home Bule sefore Bellis had fin's ed Kisser Sim sered across the floor and fell in a heap on unopend newspaper Hellis had been read-

PRANKS OF POLICEMEN.

\*\*SUN THEF UNED TO MAYE IN THE SHEETDEBLOIN WITH "GINGES" RELLES.

\*\*Bit Was Very Profine and Very Religious—

The Was Also Quick-Tempesed and Had beined on whipping the man who inperismes with a flowest Anaconada.

A group of police officials whose paths are now strewn with roses ast in the cafe of an upsown Broadway hotel one evening last week and talked of the old days, when they were works and talked of the old days, when they were some there exists an enditied to the station house for resident and interesting experiences to relate. Police Captain James E. Price was not related. Police Captain James E. Price whose theorem the roughly. When Alee Williams held when they were the force of the Tenderioin, a district which be known thoroughly. When Alee Williams held when the word the way the firemen roasted fally when they cleared the way the firemen roasted fally when they represent a secure before he discovered the first through the word of the party. Capt. Price is now in sharpe of the Tenderioin, a district which be known thoroughly. When Alee Williams held when the way the firemen roasted fally when they cleared the way the firemen roasted fally when they cleared the way the firemen roasted fally when they cleared the way the firemen roasted fally when they cleared the Maine," "The Maine Has Been Avenged," and "We Have Not Forgotten our fallah. "When the story of the lifty was brought to a fight." When the proof of it."

In all my time on the police force, and ineldentally the nine months I spent off of it."

In all my time on the police force, and ineldentally the nine months I spent off of it."

In all my time on the police force, and ineldentally the nine months I spent off of it."

a finish.

Indeed he is not retired. He is still pounding the pavements in one of the upper west side precincts."

WOMEN GO GLOVELEAS NOWADAYS. Only the Old Fashioned Wear Them in

Summer-Gloves in the Past. Fashionable women who wear gloves in the summer are now as rare as were the unglov women of the same class a few years ago. It is only a short time since a well-dressed woman would as soon have gone without her hat as to appear on the street without gloves. The temperature had nothing to do with it. Gloves in summer were as compulsory as at any other eason of the year.

But now one may go days together in the crowded streets, or other places where people congregate, and never catch sight of a gloved hand. One may observe, too, that in the rare cases where gloves are worn the wearer is of the conservative type rather than of the fash-ionable kind. To the former gloves are inexorable—the sign of good breeding and good dressing that cannot be omitted.

At a little forsaken-looking hamlet on the way to Denver, during the recent meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, a woman boarded the train and joined the dele-She looked like the place-little and forsaken-but she was intelligent and refined and had two bright bables with her. Dreadfully poor, with shabby clothing, a last winter's hat, and the two bables to take care of, she yet wore gloves-loose, old-fashioned black ones, but gloves nevertheless. They were her creed of good form, and she were them religiously, only taking them off when she fed the children and immediately replacing them.

ago, married and "went West." They had not succeeded. She was to meet her sister at the Federation, who is a prosperous Boston woman and whom she had not seen for twenty years. It was a pathetic little incident, emphasized by

At all of the Federation meetings there was carcely a glove to be seen. Even at the evening receptions they were dispensed with. Originally the wearing of gloves was con-

ducted on the same sound principle spires a miller to wear a white hat, but long ago the custom departed from the primitive idea of usefulness. According to the encycloomdias and other heavy literature Lacrtes was

idea of usefulness. According to the encyclopsedias and other heavy literature Laertes was the first to wear a glove. The farmer king was not fashionable, but it is set forth in the "Odyssey" that in his capacity of farmer he had to deal with certain brambly bushes, and he must also keep his hands in a kingly condition, heave the introduction of gloves.

Since that time gloves have had many and strange significances, from a seal of the transfer of property to a challenge to single comhat. Not until centuries later did they begin to take on class significance. It was when they were adopted by royalty that the wearing of gloves was first regarded as a mark of station. Some of the early English kings were buried with gloves on, and when the manufacture of gloves was introduced in Great Britain, it was considered as a craft of great dignity and importance. During the reign of King Robert III. of Scotland the incorporation of the Glovers of Perth, a wealthy guild which still exists, was chartered and received armorial bearings.

But although gloves were started on their career through the centuries by men, it has fallen to the women to bring them into universal popularity. After bringing about such a fashion it is to be susposed that women have felt they must stand by it, for, whatever the cause, men have never become addicted to the glove habit after the manner of women. A man is bound to be comfortable, and when gloves are a discomfort he casts them off. He never loses sight of the utility idea, differing from the rib sex, which was created blind to it.

With the introduction of the shirt waist, the short skirt, and the salior and Fedora hats, a woman's costume has become comparatively simple and sensible, and it is this new freedom and comfort in dressing that accounts for her independence in the matter of gloves.

More hands and dealers in gloves say that this new bare-handed fad has affected the sale enormously. June, July, and August are desediy duil in the glove trade, and this year not even silk gloves find

DON'T TAKE SAMOAN NAMES.

An Expensive Luxury-Mistake of Two Girls Who Yearned for It.

People who visit Samoa sometimes get the mistaken idea that there is a glory in being named by Samoan chiefs in their own language. The idea is perhaps fostered by a few conspicu ous examples which are well known, but the reverse of the picture has been carefully con-cealed, for the receipt of a Samoan name entails a full set of responsibilities which are not to be compounded all in one transaction; it opens a long series of beneficences which are likely never to stop. The prudent refuse the offered name, and insist that their Samoan acquaintances struggle along with some sort of adaptation of the English name. Thus do they save many kegs of beef and other treasures, which the giver of a name re-ligiously claims from the bearer of it. The samoans are the most generous of people, with certain limitations. They will give away any. thing they have, and a name is the easiest gift of all, for they have any number left. Bu when the Samoan is most generous he is most grasping; every gift must be repaid by another f greater value, and these names are held at the very highest valuation.

Two young women, recent arrivals in Apia. had learned that some among the white people were known by Samoan names. The idea appealed to them as one of particular honor. and they were not only envious of the renamed individuals because of what they thought was Samoan glory, but they secretly indulged themselves in the hope that some time they might have Samoan names themselves. They

themselves in the hope that some time they might have Samoan names themselves. They kept this hope of theirs secret, as they had not been on the beach long enough to learn that if you want anything you ask for it.

One morning the tide served to attract them to a bath in the sea immediately in front of their hotel. They had provided themselves with bathing suits which might have attracted attention on the Atlantic seaboard of this country; certainly the like of them had never been witnessed in the savagery of Apia. They could not hope to escape attention; possibly they did not want to pass unnoticed. It is certain that no Samoan had ever seen such a sight before. As one of the girls came into aight in the channel a Samoan on the beach loudly called to another at some little distance: "Mukamuka!"

At one the young woman feit her pride swell up; she had been called by a Samoan name and she hastened to claim it before her fellow bather could appropriate it. But there was no need to scramble for it. The other girl came into sight, and the other Samoan on the beach called back to the first speaker: "Klianga."

Both young women were content: Samoan names had burst upon them in the sea. They spent some time in practicing the sounds and perfecting themselves in their native dealgnations. They were so proud of their now acquisition that they hurried through the bath and went around to the Ohlef of Apia and told him what their native names were. It is characteristic of a Samoan to let a Papalangi make any mistake in Bamoan that ignorance of the lauguage may induce and never suggest a correction. If these young women wished to be called Bukamuka and Klianga it was nobody's business but their own, and Saumanutafa had all he could attend to as Chief of Apia and told him what their native names were. It is characteristic of a Samoan to let a Papalangi make any mistake in Bamoan that ciled to his friend: "Look at that, matenda to resident when they tearned to as Chief of Apia without setting them straigh.

But here, after the

made any money for their publishers or au-thors, but they had a certain popularity and their stage success was immediate.
"Break the News to Mother," which nearly

one thinks is one of the many songs called forth by the war, curiously enough was copyrighted during the latter part of 1897 and first sung over a month before the Maine disaster. However, most people disregard such facts and persist in calling it one of the songs inspired by the war. Its author, who is re-sponsible for "After the Ball," wrote shortly after Dewey's victory a patriotic song entitled "There's No Flag Like the Red, White, and Blue," but it was not as popular as "Break the Nows."

"For Old Glory," written and composed by Cheever Goodwin and William Forst, was one of the first songs to be sung while the sinking of the Maine was awakening patriotism. The horus goes:

Many attempts were made to write a song that could take the place of "The Star-Spe Banner," which has at last conquered all critiam and is recognized as our national anthen but, as might have been expected, the aspiring writers failed. In "The Fing That Has Never Known Defeat," however, there is some respectable verse. The words were written by Charles Love Benjamin and George Davidson Sutton, and the music was consposed by Mary Dowling Sutton. Here is the chorus:

Uncover when the flag goes by, hops.
"Its Freedom's starry banner that you greet; Flag famed in song and story,"
Long may it wave, Old Glory!
The flag that has never known defeat!

The flag that has never known defeat!

There is Room for One More Star," by two previously unknown authors, enjoyed much popularity when the war began. The idea of the song will be seen from this quotation:
"In Old Glory's starry genmed assure there's room for one more star." Equally popular at the time was "Uncle Sam. Tell Us Why Are You Waiting; or, for the Honor of Our Country and Our Flag." From a severe point of view there may be little in the words to commend, but the music is martial, dignified and stirring and the song was sung all over the country. The chorus is:

Down with the foes that slaw our beyons.

chorus is:
Down with the foes that slaw our heroes.
Down with the spies of treacherous Spain.
Down with their ships in shell and fire.
Let's avenge our gallant Maise.
Though we die upon the field of battle.
Let our courage never lag.
And strike strike in freedom's name, lads.
For the honor of our country and our flag!

And strikel strike in freedom's name, lade.
For the hone of our country and our fag:

In dramatic and lyric incident the war was not lacking, and every feat of arms had its tribute of song. Dewey was eulogized a scroot stribute of song. Dewey was eulogized a scroot stribute, and we heard of "Our Nation's Hero," "Brave Dewey and His Men," and "Yankee Doodle Dewey." Bome one had the questionable taste to write "The Death of Ensign Bagiey," and it is gratifying to learn that it was only sung a few times and met with no success. There was at least one Hobson song.— Brave Hobson and His Gallant Little Crew"—and there may have been others.

The author of "On the Banks of the Wabaah, Far Away" began to express his patriotic emotion through the medium of song long before Manila Bay was entered, and turned out. "We Are Coming, Cube, Coming," "Gn, the Shores of Havans," and "Our Country, May She Eer Be Right." Then he wrote "We Fight Tomorrow, Mother," which, musically, is a good, patrictic song, and "Your God Comes First, Your Country Next, Then Mother Dear." In the chorus of the latter song a mother bids her son farewell in these words:

You are going to the war, my boy, and while you are You are going to the war, my boy, and while you are

Remember that a mother's prayers and night and day.

In battle, lad, remember there is no such word as fear.

Your God comes first, your country next, then mother dear. mother dear.

T. Brigham Bishop, who wrote "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," might have been counted upon to give us a patriotic song, thoroughly American in words and muste, and with the dash and fire of his rebellion songs, but we were not so fortunate. The song he wrote entitled "It Takes a Man to Be a Soldier" had these trivial and commonplace words, set to music that a schoolgiri could have improvised:

Frovinger:
Fill go dressed up in my suit of blue,
For I've a heart that is brave and true;
As any dog, in fact, a cat, can be a Government dip-lomat,
That's so, you know, so off Fil go,
For it takes a man to be a soldier.

When we had gained our first land victories in Cuba the author of "Uncle Sam, Why Are You Waiting?" published "Good Boy, Uncle Sam, It Didn't Take You Long," and added another to the long list of patriotic songs. He told how the day was grandly won in "the fight of might for right," by "those fearless ones, our Yankee sons, with Yankee guns," and said in the chorus:

our Yankee sons, with langer huns, in the chorus; Good boy, Uncle Sam, it didn't take you long. Good boy, Uncle Sam, you never yet were wron We do not like to brag. Sam.

But we have got the flag. Bam.

The flag I the flag I The banner of the free! But we have got the flag, Eam,
The flag! the flag! The banner of the free!

Buch are the more unusual of the aongs of
the war. Among others which might be mentioned are: "Fighting Side by Side, the Blue
and Gray." "She Never Heard the Story."
"We'll All Be with You. Uncle Sam," "That's
the Kind of Girl to Leave Behlind." "We're
Brothers True from the North and the
South, "Our Own Native Land." Jim
and I." Yankee Reuben Gine." Brass
Buttons." "The Empty Sleeve Upon a Ragged Coat." "After the Battle Is O'er."
"It's the Eagliah-speaking Race Against
the World." "The Song That Wop the Fight."
"Here's to the Boys That Made Good."
"When Uncle Sam Gets Billed." "The Flag of
the Free. "Our Own Jack Tar." We'll Stand
by the Fing." "Now Uncle Sam Is Ready." "I
Want to Se a Soldier. Pa and Fight for Uncle
Sam." The Yankee Doodie Boys." We Are
Coming, Uncle Billy. Ten Hundred Thousand
Strong." We Are Ready." "The Emblem of
the Free." Freedom Forever." "The Boodier
Boy's Farewell." "What Yankee Lads Will Do,
"For Freedom and Humanity." The Lonely
Cuban Grave." "When the War Is O'er."
"When Our Troops Beturn."

WHO INVENTED THE BICYCLES The Pope Says It Was a Priest, but This Declaration Is Not Ex Cathedra.

The Pope a few years ago, in granting per mission to priests to use bicycles, took occasion to announce that the wheel was invented by Abbé Painton, who used it in 1845. About the same time that Leo XIII. made this statement, E. R. Shipton, Secretary of the Oyelists' Tour-ing Club, of England, asserted that the first machine was invented by a Scotchman in 1846.
Another correspondent ascerts that, strictly speaking, no one invented the bloycle—"it just growed." The bloycle is the developed result

of a long series of mechanical contrivances for the acceleration of individual motion, and its

of a long series of mechanical contrivances for the acceleration of individual motion, and its beginnings are probably of older date than many people have imagined.

In August, 1686, Mr. John Evelyn, on his way back to London from his home at Wotton, called at Durdano, near Epsom, and afterward noted in his diary that he had found Dr. Wilkins, Bir William Petty and Mr. Hooke "contriving chariots, new rigging for ships, a wheel for one to run races in, and other mechanical inventions. Ferhaps three such persons to gether were not to be found elsewhere in Europe for parts and ingenuity." What was this wheel in which one could run races? It is impossible now to say, but the description is curiously suggestive of some contrivance of the cycling kind.

Another one hundred years were to pass before anything resembling the modern cycle was to be invented. The first velocipedes, as they were so long called, appear to have been made in France. In the "Journal de Paris" of July 27, 1779, there is an account of a velocipede invented by MM. Blanchard and Hagurier, which seems to have been a clumar affair of four wheels, carrying two people and very heavy to work. This invention was a false start. No one followed it up or improved upon it, and no further attempt in this direction was made for some thirty or forty years. Then appeared the dancy horse, upon which our fathers and great-grandfathers disported themselves gayly, albeit at times a trifle laboriously, for a brief season, when the carank was first invented, or who invented is quite uncertain. The data must have been early in the present century, but whe first his quite uncertain. The data must have been early in the present century, but whe first his quite uncertain. The data must have been early in the present century, but whe first his quite uncertain. The data must have been early in the present century, but whe first his quite uncertain. The data must have been early in the present century, but whe first his quite uncertain.

Brooklun Advertigements.

Brooklyn Advertigements.

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During the Coming Week we offer unusual OPPORTUNITIES, and it is impossible to give an accurate idea of the marvellous values represented by the following prices. Many lines are being closed out regardless of cost to make room for New Fall Goods arriving.

## Ladies' Suits and FURNITURE Skirts.

Monday morning at 8:30 o'clock (according to our usual custom of not carrying any goods from season to season) we will close out all our Suits and Wash Skirts. This is one of the greatest money-saving sales of the season, and includes nothing but the newest styles in this year's up-to-date goods, both in shapes and materials. The lot is not as large as in former seasons, but the values are far in excess of anything we have ever shown; there are Suits we have sold this season as high as \$18.00 to \$38.00, a great many lined throughou with heavy silk; the Skirts have been sold from \$1.19 to \$2.98. As this is a positive closing out sale we cannot send C. O. D. or on approval. Sale Monday morning at 8:30. Be on hand early for first choice.



SKIRTS.

Do Not Miss This Opportunity.

400 Ladies' Best White DUCK and PIQUE SKIRTS, all sizes and lengths; your choice from a dozen different styles, and not one ever sold less than \$1.19 to \$2.98; we close them out Monday at 49c.

75 Ladies' Fine Serge, Cloth and Silk Skirts, all high-class goods, a great many silk lined throughout, not one worth less than \$10.00 to \$16.00; Monday at \$5.00.



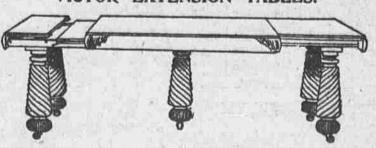




spring seat, hand-carved arm, handsomely carved massive claw feet, all hair and velour reversible cushions, handsomely carved massive claw feet, all hair and velour reversible cushions, tickings, 40 pounds, one or two parts, made in best manner, A. C. A. or fancy tickings, 40 pounds, one or two parts, usual price \$20.00; our \$12.84

best and UNUSUAL ADVANTAGES for our customers from the country, we are ready for the GREATEST FURNITURE SALE EVER KNOWN. Our warerooms and storehouses are crowded with prices, and by adding our usual small prices, and by adding our usual small enabled to place before the public new, reliable goods, at such attractive prices that it will pay to anticipate future wants. For the accommodation of those purchasing Furniture during this sale, will deliver when wanted any time until Oct. 1. The following items merely suggest an idea of the values to be secured for little money. All purchases amounting to \$5.00 or over will be delivered free at station within one hundred miles. (Mail orders will receive prompt attention.)

VICTOR EXTENSION TABLES.



DRESSERS

24x80, French bevel

mirror, 42 inches



wide, 72 inches high, worth \$14.50, at **\$9.84.** Mahoganyfinished Piano Stools, J. (25)

83/18 000/

South American Hair Mattresses,



This heavy BRASS

saddle or leather seat, high back, at - William REED ROCKER. finished in Sixteenth Century style or green, made to sell for \$8.50;

This Handsome Sideboard, olid oak, polished, 72 inches high, 46 inches wide, 24x14 bevel mirror, swell drawers and top, regular price \$14.75, at

- 0

Round end

CHINA

CLOSET,

all quartered

oak, polished

and castered.

stands 68 inche

high, 44 inches

wide, usual

sale price

price \$20.00;

\$13.95.

**\$9.98.** 



CHAIR regular price \$1.50, at

## FULTON ST., GALLATIN PLACE AND LIVINGSTON ST., BROOKLYN.

NICENAMES FOR VOLUNTEERS. The Soldier Lads Have Bechristened One Another in Camp.

Camp life among those of the volunteers who nave not had the good fortune to be sent to the front has resulted in the practical renaming of almost every man in every company. The intimacy of the daily routine brings every idiosyneracy into strong relief, and the labelling nickname follows immediately upon the per-ception of character. A few hours spent among the boys will supply a close observer with a index to the personnel of a company. A shrewd officer is glad to learn what name s man passes under with his fellows, for the nicknames of the camp have a descriptive potency which often throws useful light upon disposition and behavior.

A reporter recently visited a Long Island station in search of a volunteer friend. The name appeared to be unknown. "Private Brown? Private Brown? Doesn't

colong here, I guess. What sort of a fellow in he ?" Description followed, personal and biograph-"Oh, you mean Daredevil Dick, I guess,

Call up Daredevil Dick, one of you."
"Daredevil Dick" appeared, and he was the man wanted. In days of peace, it is true, he would not have suggested any such terrible ideas as his camp name indicated, but on observation it was impossible to ignore the fitservation it was impossible to ignore the it-ness of his title. With thoughts of war and the educating experience of the soldier's life he had developed a latent recklesances or non-chalance of manner. He had been diffident, studious, reserved; how he wore an in an original and nobody, ready for anything, resolute to take life and men and things as they might come and make the best of them. The nickname fitted him like a glove. On question he

dmitted that he liked it. "It was good naturedly given, and it is a constant stimulus. Dare deviltry, as they mean it, is a good thing to help a fellow on in life, 1 guess I won't change it."
"But your name isn't Dick."

"Oh, that doesn't matter. Some fellow dug the name out of a book, I believe, and it seemed the name out of a book, I believe, and it seemed to fit me down here, so everybody took it up. They like the alliferation. There's Handsome Harry now. Nobody knows whether his name is Harry or not, and nobody cares. But, you see, he thinks no end of a lot of himself. Is always polishing up his buttons and setting his hat at different angles to see which suits him best. He carries a little mirror about with him and arranges his curis every few minutes and twists up his mustashe and fincks the dust off his shoes. Altogether they see that he thinks he looks nice—as he does, by the way—so they give him the hams. But he likes it, all right; and I dare say he'd fight like the dayli, in spite of his vanity. Most of the fellows got names like that? Why, yes; all of them, I guess. A good many of them mean much the same sort of thing. There's Bwaggers, for examine, a bit of a boaster; a little too much stuck on himself. And 'Lady Killer'—that explains itself, especially if you allow a little for irony. Then we have 'Fire-Eator,' a good sort of chap, and in deadly esenest; too; loss a friend on the Maline and yowing vangeance; that's how he earned his name.

Boms other examples? Well, we have most of the cardinary school names, of course—Carrota, 'Ginger,' and that sort of thing. Names of othe crytinary school names, of course—Carrota, 'Ginger,' and that sort of thing. Names of courties, too, swell our list. We have 'Irish life,' for example, and 'The Bold Italiano, addressed as Italiane simply. There's a 'Terrible Turk,' too. No, he's not a real Turk, but he thinks a bot of his wrestling. And we have 'Frenchy', a Greek, who knows a lot of any manded the property is greated and the sort of the retrieve a 'Terrible Turk,' too. No, he's not a real Turk, but he thinks a bot of his wrestling. And we have 'Frenchy', a Greek, who knows a lot of any manded the series of the crytinary and on his wrestling. to fit me down here, so everybody took it up.

lieve, a little Arabie; and just now he is bard at work on French; grinds at it all his spare time. We have several studious fellows here with us. One they call Booky. He reads all day long when he gets the chance; he buys candles, too, to read by at night until lights out comes. He doesn't get much peace, though. You see the light brings the mosquitos round and the fellows can't stand that, so they hurl shoes at his candle and put it out over and over again. He doesn't mind it much; just gets up and walks round looking for a match to light it again. He has to go a good way for a match, you bet; so he doesn't read more than fitteen minutes in an hour. He very seldom gets mad and some of the boys are beginning to call him Job." There's already a monk'—lucus a non beendo. I believe—and another chap is called The Apostie.' sometimes Appy, and sometimes, by corruption, Merry and Merry Andrew; a sort of fellow that is always wanting you to accept new doctrines on everything under the sun. The way to kill Spaniards, how to take forts, the proper manner of baking beans, and so on—a desperately serious chap, not content with knowing everything himself, wants everybody else to know things, too. Still, he's a harmless nuisance, and nobody minds—in fact, they all like him.

"We're all good friends together up here; that's the truth. A scrap now and then, of course, and some one gets mad once in a while, and there are one or two tough customers, but in the main we are like a collection of high-spirited schoolboys, full of esprit decorps holding us together. Even the natural born solder is not excluded."

"Another nickname—a good example of the tronical sort. The awkwardest, clumsiest looking fellow that ever shuffled along in a uniform. Nobody knows how he passed in. Can't hold himself straight, can't lift his feet properly, can't learn his manual, though he tries ever so hard. Still he's a good sort of fellow in his own way, and he takes his name good-naturedly. Most of the boys do. Sometimes they kick a little at first,

SEASIDE RESORT SIGNS.

The War Utilized-Dewey the Name Chiefly Used to Conjure With. Early in the season the seaside resorts were decidedly mournful. The proprietors of the

merry-go-rounds sat in their tents and sulked. The expert in the baking of clams wished that clams grew inland, where Spanish fleets could not bombard, and an honest man could make a good thing out of city folks. War was a hobgoblin then, wherever the smell of the son was in the nir. Now the seaside resorts are brilliant with

patriotic sentiments. It is no uncommon thing to see a building in a new dress of paint and finunting some sign like "The Dewey Café." Along the trolley lines near Boston the paint brush has done a lot of work. At one place, a little crossroads in the suburbs of Lynn, there is a new sign on the 8 by 10 ginger-beer store informing the travelier that he is passing through Dewey square. A little further along there is a sign to the effect that rosated peanuts are there for sale. What kind of peanuts they originally were it is impossible to say, for that line has been painted out and the magic name inserted, so that now they are "Dewey Rossted Peanuts."

In Salem there is one firm which has made the most of an advertising chance it saw in the war. The name of the firm is Wheatland, Allen & Rogers. They have taken the three initials and painted them in immense capitals, the first one red, the second white and the third blue: little crossroads in the suburbs of Lynn, there

hee the eye and holds it, too, when

M'SOFTER'S NEW ABODE.

Col. Barry Defines It from a Legal Standpoint to McSofter's Chagrin. The dinner had passed to the stage of general conversation, and McSofter had been telling the other fellows of the magnificence of his new apartments on Fifth avenue and inviting them all around to dine at various future date "Beats ordinary bachelor apartments all out," he said with enthusiasm. "I've got my

my man is a winner to cook. Drop in any time, "That reminds me of a story," remarked Col. George Barry; "a curious adventure I once had in the tenement house where McSofter

own kitchen and dining room right there, and

"Tenement!" cried McSofter. "What are you Tenement: cried accourt. What are you talking about?"

"About number s'teen Fifth avenue," said Col. Barry. "That's where you said rou'd moved to, isn't it?"

Yes, it is, and there isn't a better place on the avenue," said McBofter in rising cadences. "If the owner heard you call it a tenement house"

"Yes, it is, and there isn't a better place on the avenue," said McSofter in rising cadences. "If the owner heard you call it a tenement house"—"What if he did?" interrupted Col. Barry with some heat. "I guess I know a tenement when I see one, and I tell you. if your number is a teen Fifth avenue, you're a tenement-house dweller."

"I suppose we'll see bed clothing airing on the fire escapes and have to pick our way up the stairs to avoid stepping on Italian brats when we go to see Mac." remarked one of the other men.

"Well, I wouldn't say it was as bad as that," said Col. Barry. "There are plenty of worse tenement houses in the city."

"Barry, you've been drinking too much cold tea," said McGofter, "and your ideas are twisted. You're thinking of Eighth avenue, where your former abode was."

"I'm thinking of 'stean Fifth avenue," persisted Col. Barry. "Why, I'm as familiar with that tenement house"—

"Bet you \$10 you're off your base!"

"Bet you \$10 you're off your base!"

"It take you. What's your bet—that s'teen Fifth avenue isn't a tenement house?"

"Yes. I'll teach you a \$10 lesson. Put up the cash."

The money being put up. Col. Barry borrowed one of the hoet's legal tomes. which he brought out into the dining room.

"How many apartments in your house?" he asked McGofter.

"Yes floors, two spartments to a floor."

"You any apartments in your house?"

"Cartainly. Didn't I just say that it was a big advantage"

"Never mind that. Here's what a tonement house is, by legal definition: 'Every house which is rented leased, let, or hired out to be occupied as the house, home, or residence of three or more families living independently of one another, and doing their cooking upon the premises. That convince you, Mar?

McNotor relieved his mind by some complicated aspersions upon is we lawyers, and law books, and the money was paid over.

"Go on with your adventure, now, Barry." and the host. "What happened to you there in Mac's apart—or, tenement house?"

"There wasn't any adventure." said Col. Barry. "I needed Ma

Spain's warships are now almost an unknown

uantity, but she still has a respectable merhant navy left. The list on Jan, I last was as follows. From it, to be exactly correct, should be deducted the Spanish merchant vessels captured by our warships;

These 552 steamers measured in all 400,230 tons. Besides these there were 1,125 salling vessels the total measurement of which was 155,065 ons. In the course of the year 1807 the number of steamers increased by 18, but the tonnage decreased by over 62,000 tons, and the number of steamers have by 850, of 18, 185 register two.

PEACE AND THE PUSHCARD.

The Greek Street Vender Has Been Longing for the War to Coase. One continued sigh of relief is going up from the pushcart men all over Greater New York at the prospect of peace at last. They have not had a good season, and, rightly or wrongly, they are unanimous in easting the blame upon the war. A very large number of these perambulant venders of fruits and flow-ers are Greeks, as also are their more prosperous-seeming fellow merchants who own fixed stands. It was amusing to hear, in the height of the war time, their bitter plaints against the ard fate which condemned them to suffer as

if they were Spaniards. "This year make no money," they would "Last year plenty money. I make tell you. many dollars, hundreds dollars; have good time; put it the money up to save; a few more years, I say, I go back to my country and buy little vine garden, and drink racina and smoke the nargileh. Now Llose money, lose plenty money; no can go back many, many years. I lose courage; I am sad. It is good to go to war for the Cuba, but no good for poor man in the New York. Nobody spend money now; all keep it the money in the box; all, they are afraid, all, all. He pass alongside, he look at my peaches, at my pears; he say it is good. But then he say, 'It is the war. I will not buy, I will keep it the my money, and he shut up his pocket: he is afraid. And my peaches, my pears, they are rotten because no one he will not buy them; and I lose too much money. Last week I am short fifteen dollars; I work hard, all the day, all the night; I am tired. Of no work it is better. I have my fifteen dollars. How? But like this. It is cherries-large cherries; was in a barrel; he look very fine those cherries; I buy half barrel. Yes, the top it was good cherries: underneath it was rotten—pale, it was rotten rotten.
"I cannot sell those charries. I take it the cherries to the man. I say. "See those

T cannot sell those cherries. I take it the cherries to the man. I say, 'See those cherries, is rotten, rotten; no can sell those cherries. He is my friend, He say: 'Dimitri, I am sorry, but you buy those cherries. It is my friend, He say: 'Dimitri, I am sorry, but you buy those cherries. It cannot take it back, Better you sell them cheap, too' cheap. When it is good times again I make right with you. Is your bad, inch. What I can say! He is my friend. I cannot bring him to the court. He is even from my city. Before the war he is good man. After the war he is good man again. Now the war make him afraid and I find rotten cherries. I am poor man. I lose money. I am so is paniard, but I suffer too much. In the New York is many that suffer. It is the war. You read the war has tyear, the Greeks and the Turkeys! It is like that, the poor country he suffer, the poor man he suffer. It is terrible, the war, hard times for the poor people. When the war he stop, it is better. But I must begin again. I make it a new start. I am as a stranger who come new from the Sparta or from the Smyrna; it is too difficult. But it is bester, res. It is better. I pray to the God to bring peaces. I hope the America win, yes, I hope it with my heart, for it is good people in the America; pat most I hope the war it will finiah. If no finish I am broke; yes, I am broke altogether.

Now that peace is well on its way it is easy to notice a new alsority, a new hope among these people. The vine garden and the eventures of cossible things once more; the push-cart rayotees in the coming peace. And it may be added in insisten that the pushcart rejoices cordially in the knowledge that it is peace following victory. For whatever else your Greek may be, he is always a lover of the theory of liberty and humanity, and he appreciates also that fire pushcart or finary.